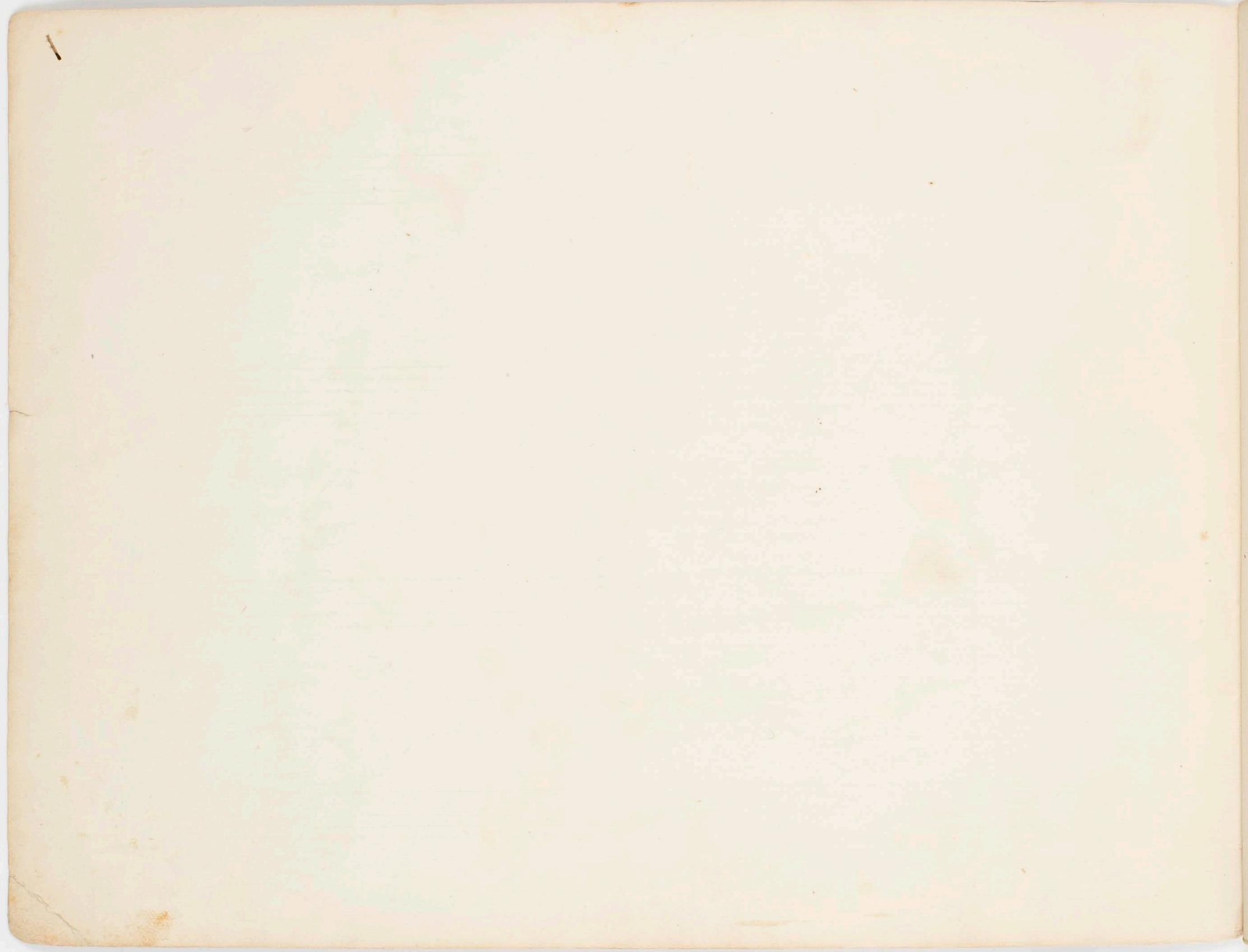
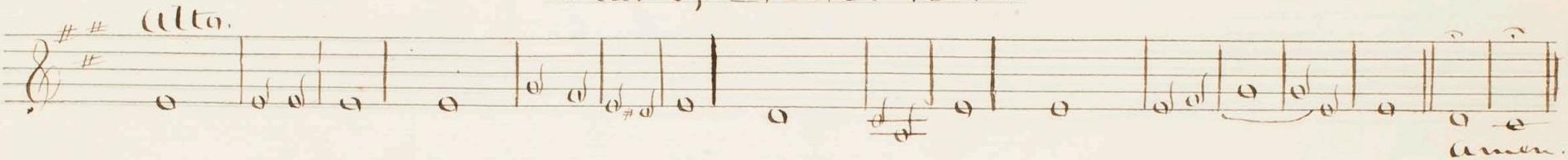


Alto.



## Star of Bethlehem.

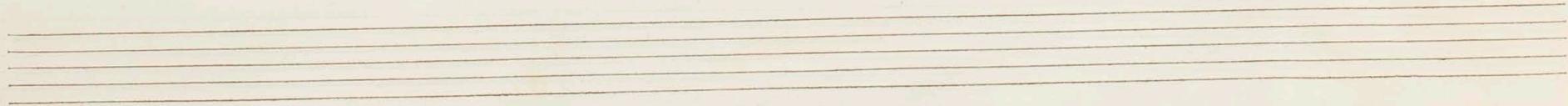
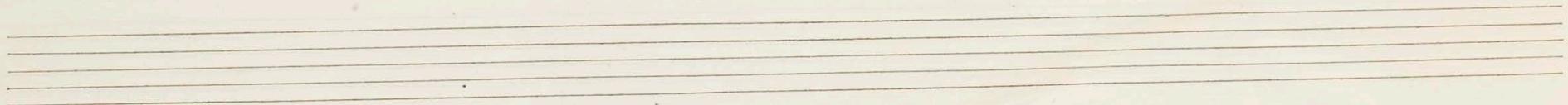
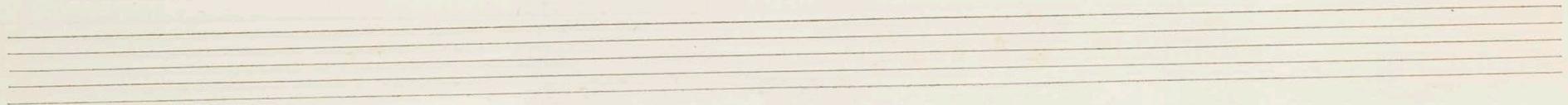
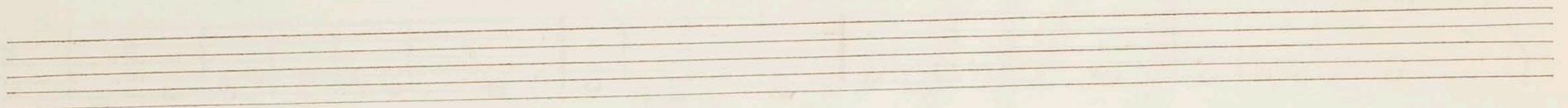


### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering host be- | stud the | sky,  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye.  
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
From every host, from | ev'ry | gem;  
But one alone the Savior speaks,—  
It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!  
  
Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,  
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark:  
Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem.  
  
It was my guide, my light, my all:  
It made my dark fore- | bodings | cease;  
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It | led me .. to the | port of | peace.  
Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, | first .. in night's | diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem!

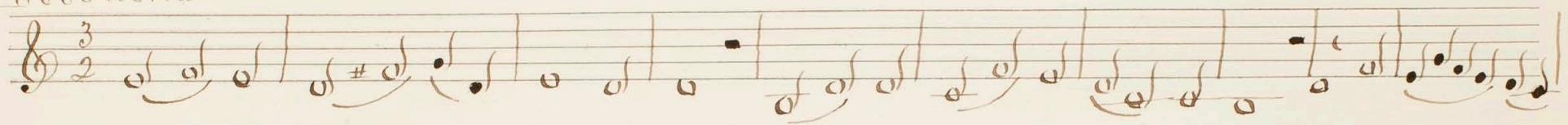
H. K. WHITE.

2

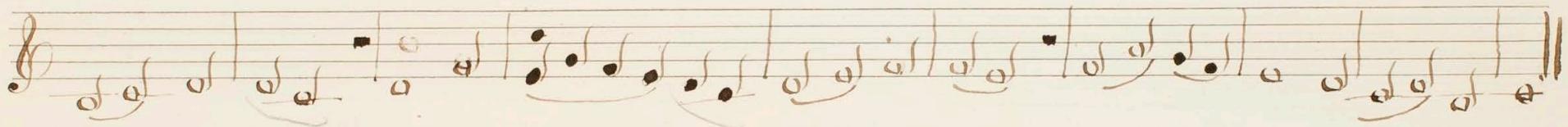


Devotional

## Sacred Call.



Come saith Jesus      Sacred voice. Come and make my path your choice, I will guide you



To your home. Weary pilgrim hither come, Weary pilgrim hither come.

4





How vain is all beneath the skies! How slender all the <sup>fond</sup> <sup>thus</sup> dust  
 How transient every earthly bliss, / That bind us to a world like this.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on { And every morning shall make known  
 Thus far his power prolongs my day, / Some fresh memorial of his grace.

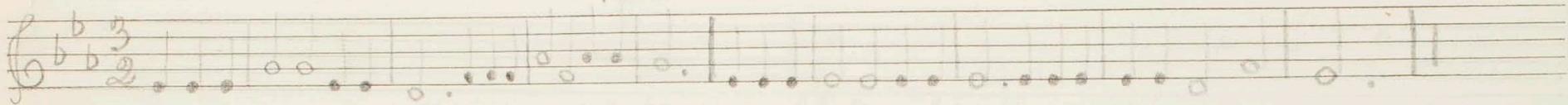
Moderato.

Indiana I. M.



That is the man whose tender care, / Whose pity wips the widow's tear,  
 Relieves the poor in their distress, / Whose hand supports the fainting.

## Rest S.M.

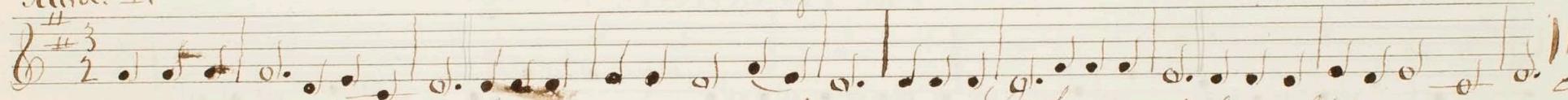


Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep,

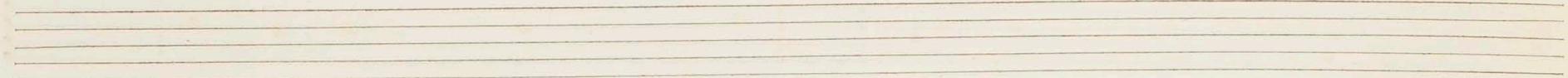
a calm and undisturb'd repose, unbroken by the last of foes.

And. P.

Armstrong. T. M.



Dear Jesus when, when shall it be { When will this war of passion cease,  
That I no more shall break with thee. And I enjoy a lasting peace.



Devotional. Slow & soft.

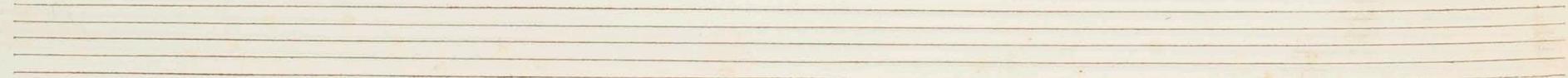
The Uncharted. I. M.

Here midnight cares disturb our rest,

O stay thy tears, for they are blest, Those days are past, whose toil is done, Here sorrow duns the noonday sun, Here sorrow duns the

noonday sun,

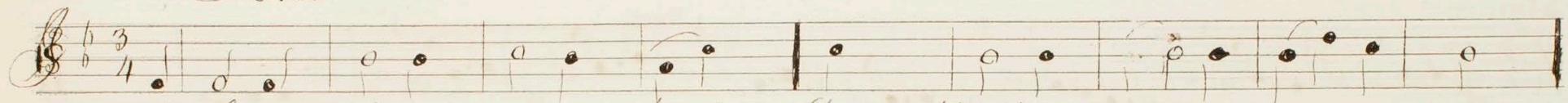
Roxbury. I. M.



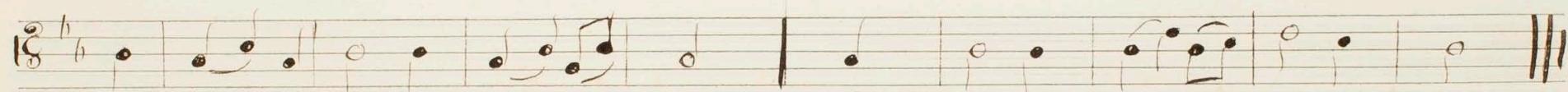
12

Tenor

No 25



My God, my King, the various praise Shall fit the remnant of my days



Thy grace employ my humble tongue The dweller on glory raise the song

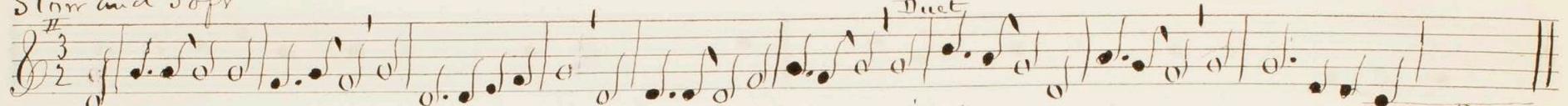
Alto



## Woodland C. ME.

Alto -

Slow and Soft



There is an hour of peaceful rest.

To mourning wandsers given.

There is a tear for souls distressed,

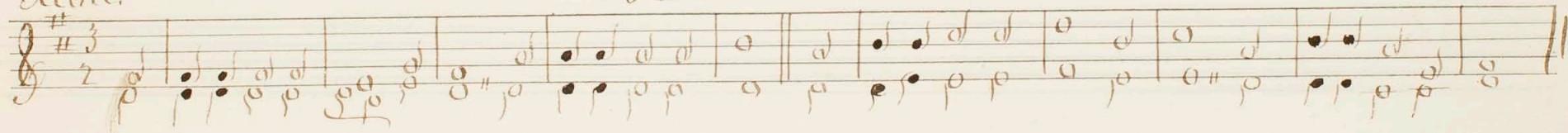
a balm for every wounded breast

Tis found alone in tears,



Mos.

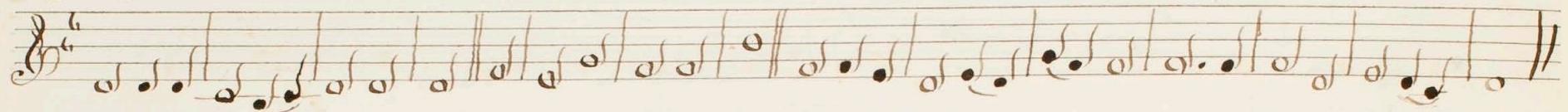
Galena C. M.



Thou blest Redemer dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee, "Dominie's like thy charming name," for half so sweet can be.

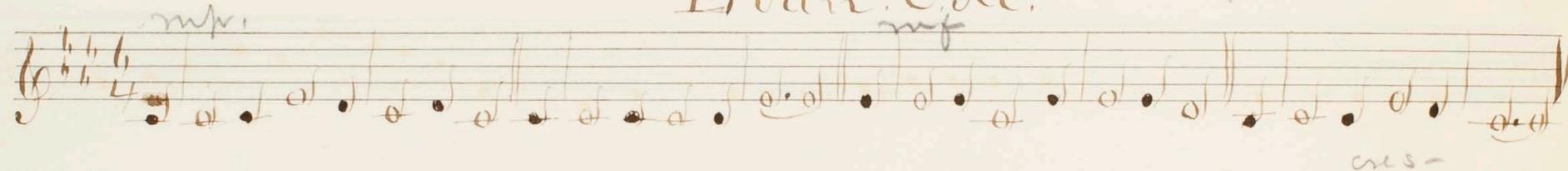
Alto.

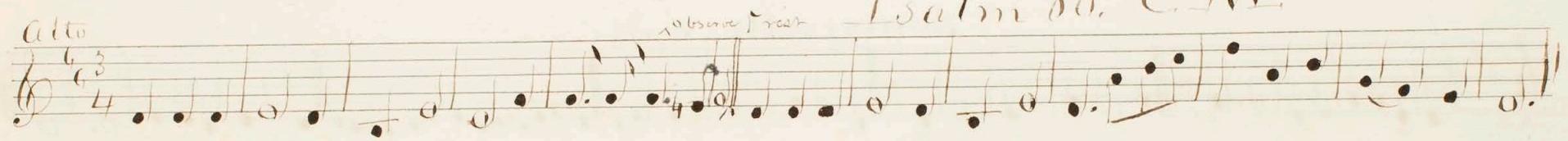
## Poonville C.M.



How happy are the souls above, From sin and sorrow free! With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glory see.

## Evan. C.M.

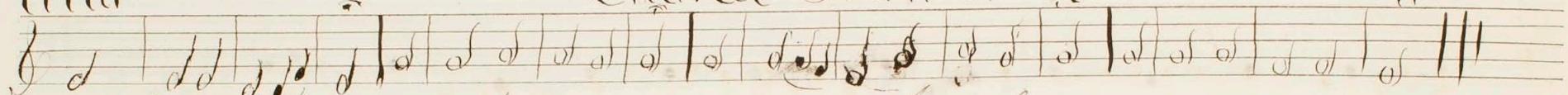


*Moderato**Canada. C.M.**Alto**absence from Psalm 80. C.M.*

When I pour out my soul in prayer, Do thou O Lord attend; To thy eternal throne of grace, Let my sad cry ascend.

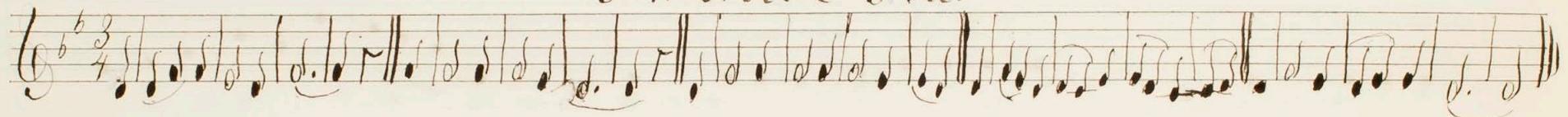
Alto

## Choral No. I. S.M.



Behold the lofty sky. Declares its maker God,  
And all the starry worlds on high  
Proclaim his power above

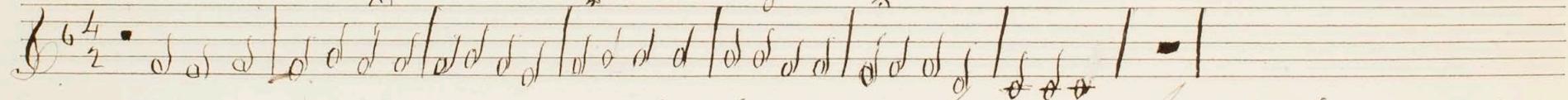
## Somerville S.M.



The God Jehovah reigns. Let all the nations fear. Let sinners tremble at his <sup>throne</sup> ~~word~~. Let sinners tremble &c. And saints be humbled <sup>there</sup>.

Alto.

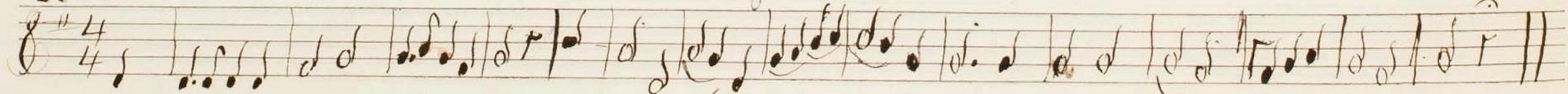
## Evening Hour. S.M.



The day is past and gone } O may I ever keep in mind  
The evening shades appear. } The bright of death draws near.

Alto

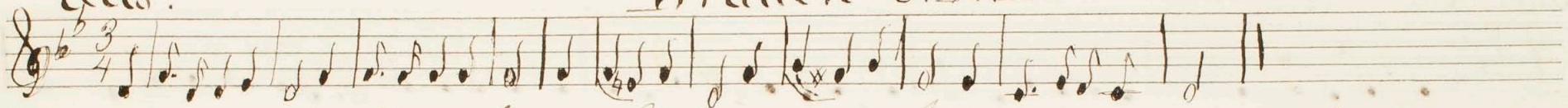
## Barrington S.M.



Awake and sing the song of those and the Lamb, <sup>name,</sup>  
 Make every heart & every tongue To praise the Lamb  
 To praise &c

(Uto.)

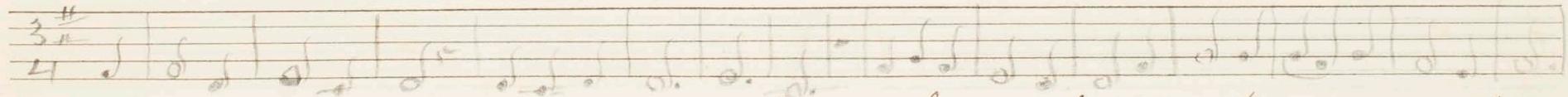
## Braden S. M.



Give glory to the Lord, Who rules the rolling sphere,  
Submissive at his footstool low, And seek salvation <sup>there.</sup>

The Lord on high proclaims { Mercy & justice are the names  
His glad hand from his throne, } By which I will be known.

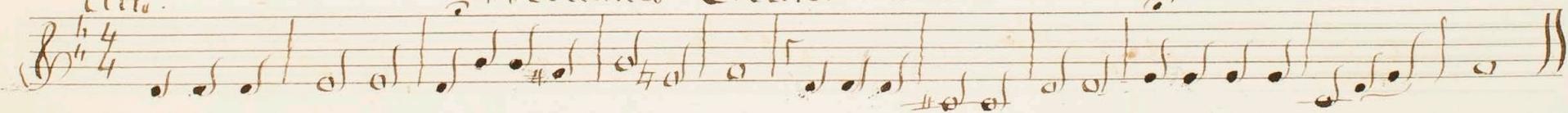
## Bellville S. M.



Your harps ye trembling saints, { Loud to the praise of love divine  
Down from the willows take, } Bid every string awake.

(Uto.)

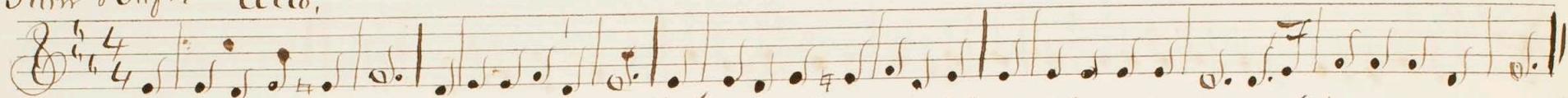
## Williams Chant S. M.



Lord what our ears have heard.  
Our eyes delighted a trace Thy love in long succession shown,  
To Zion's chosen race.

Slow &amp; Soft. Alto.

Trane S.M.



My few revolving years, { How short the term of life appears  
 How swift they glide away } When past tis but a day, When past a

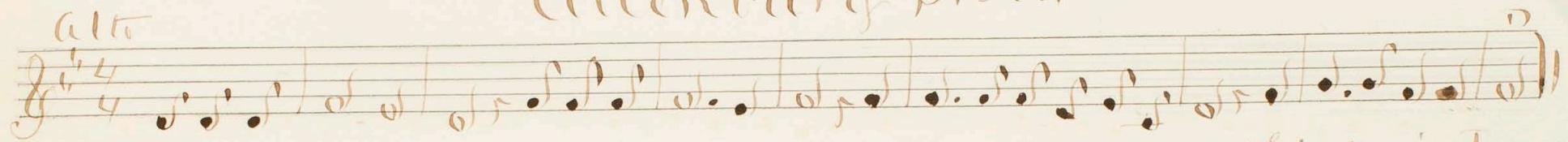
Tenor

Psalm 44. S.M.



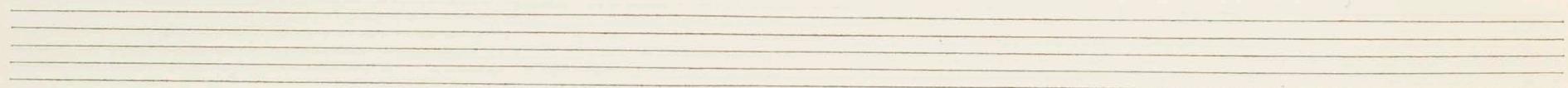
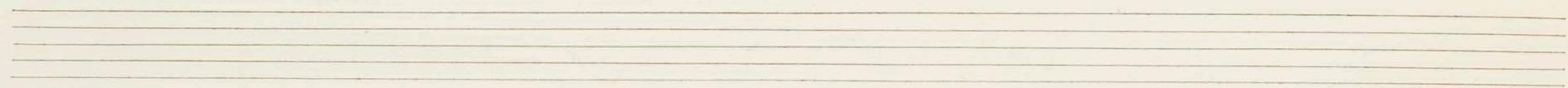
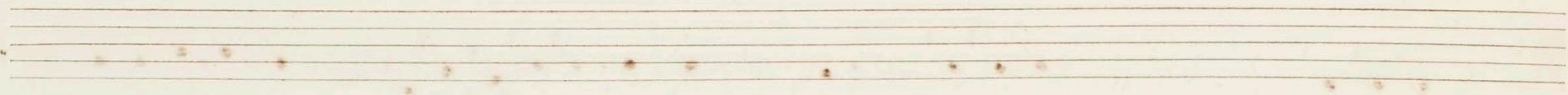
a charge to keep I have,  
 a God to glorify, a never dying soul to save,  
 and fit it for the sky,

## Altenburg S. M.



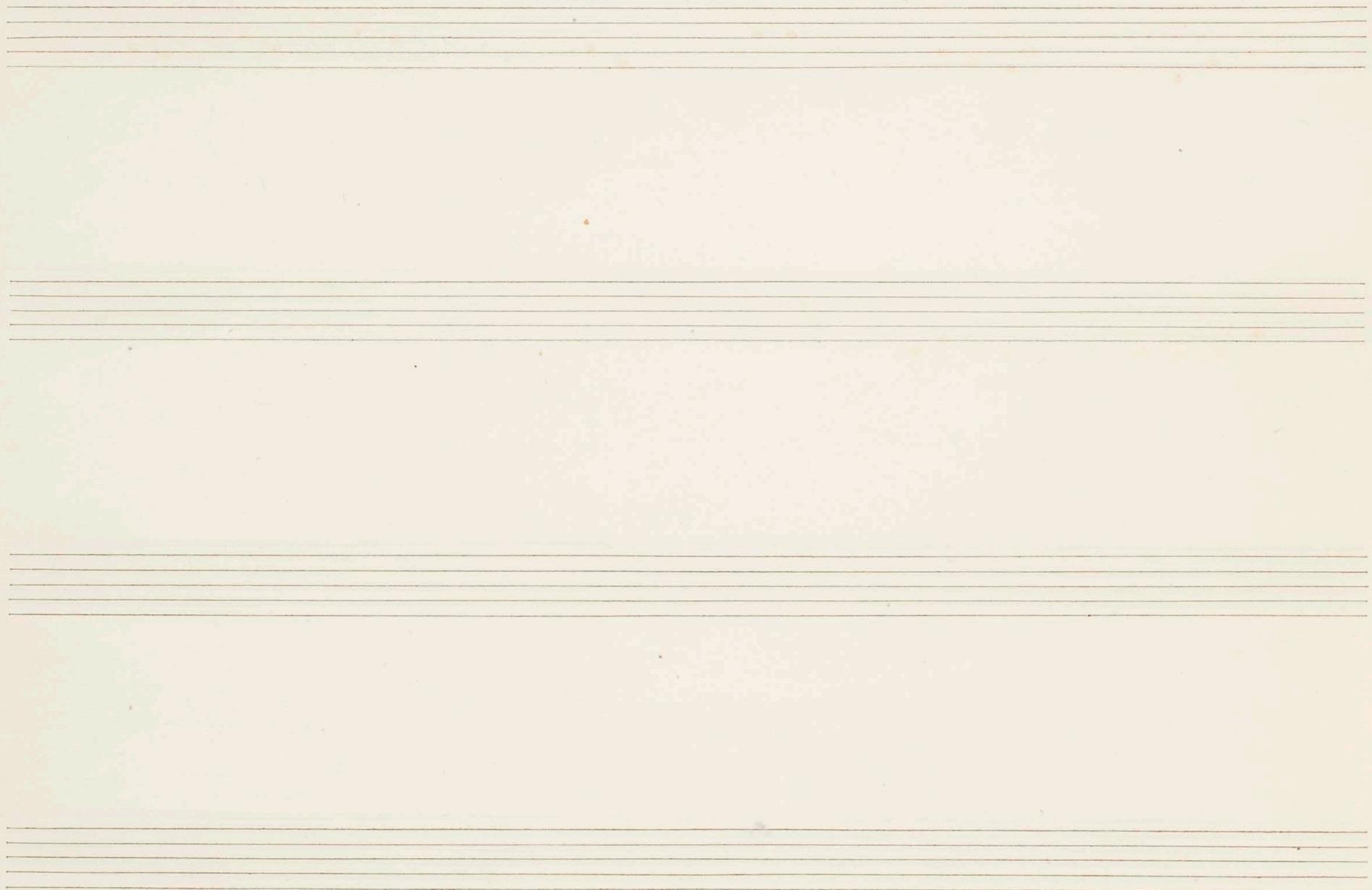
We come with joyful song, To hail this happy morn, This day is Jesus born,  
Glad tidings from an angel's tongue,

Shade Mountain



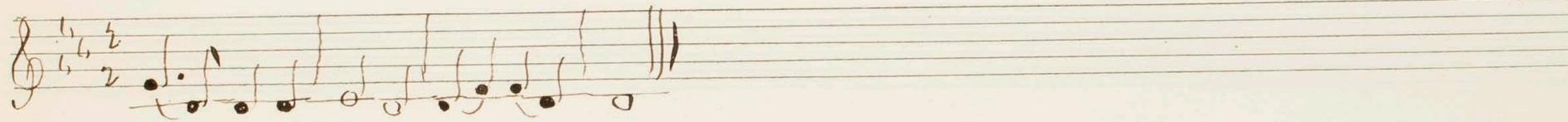
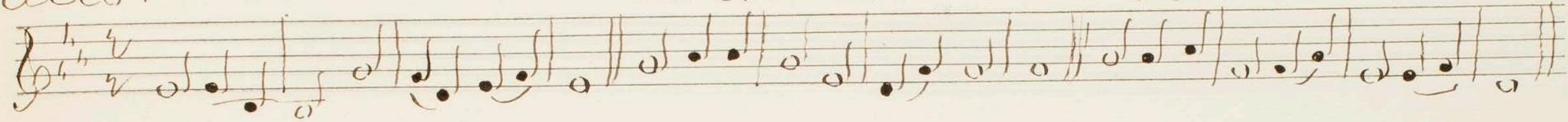


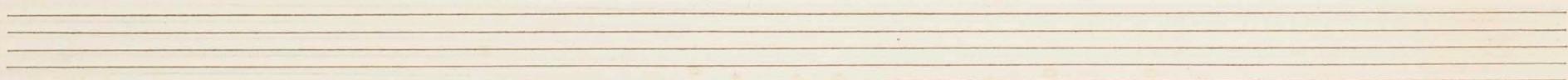
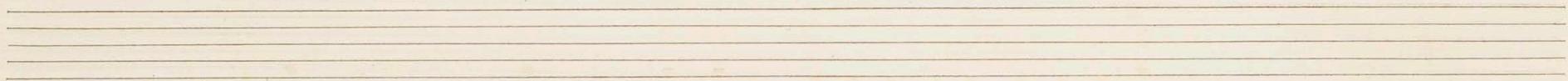
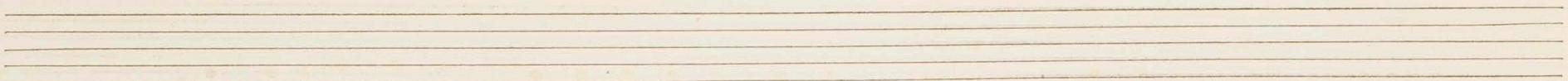
201



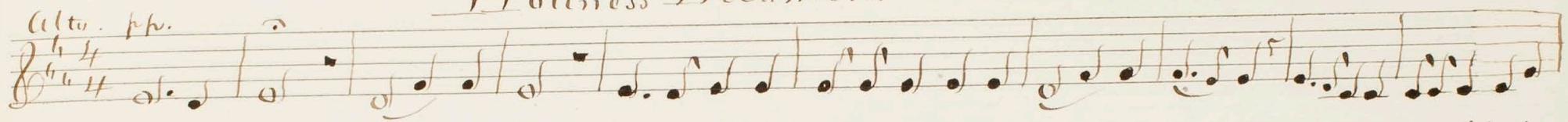
alto.

## Tirra. I. M. Duo





### Holiness Beconmeth Thine House.



Holiness. holiness. holiness beconmeth thine house. O Lord for ever. Holiness beconmeth thine house. O



Lord. for ever. Holiness beconmeth thine house O Lord. O Lord. for ever - Holiness be-



cometh thine house, holiness. Holiness beconmeth thine house for ever O Lord, for ev-er. for ev-er.



{ 2d Treble

Pia

Salvation! Salvation! Oh! the joyful sound, Tis pleasure to our ears. A sovereign balm for ~~every~~ <sup>every</sup> trouble

slow and soft

a temp<sup>o</sup>

A cordial for our fears. Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But rea-

rise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day. But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.

Symphony

Salvation! Salvation! Let the echo fly, Gha spacious earth around.

While all the armies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound,

